THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. *Philadelphia, Saturday, February* 20, 1808. No. 8.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

——quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo. VIR.

Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'advint,
Vous y croyriez être vous-mêmes.
LA FONTAINE.

(*Continued from page* 99.)

LETTER III.

Geneva.

My dear E——,

OUR hours now passed away more agreeably, but were still accompanied with expressions of impatience and disappointment, though the pilot assured us, that had it not been for the momentary changes of wind, which brought us in, we should not have been able to reach the river for ten days; the wind it seems, had reassumed its former station, and blew so hard as would have carried us out of the bay. The pilot was a man of sense, and gave me a great deal of information, which was afterwards confirmed by my own observation, and other means of knowledge. The war had been very ruinous to the commerce of Bourdeaux, and was, therefore, by no means a popular thing, to the mercantile people: to *his* business it had been fatal, ours being the only vessel he had brought in for six weeks. Labour, he told me, was better paid than before the revolution, and the peasantry were now relieved from some disagreeable sources of oppression, but the articles of life were higher, taxes were greater, and the conscription, which kept all the young people in the grasp of the law, was tormenting. The monks and nuns were dispersed, their property sold, and the secular clergy were now as much too poor, as they had been too rich; but religion had not lost ground, the reestablishment of Sunday, as a day of worship, had given universal joy, and a procession had lately taken place, after an interval of many years, to the comfort of all devout people, and never had a procession been so attended, so much indeed were the hearts of people warmed by the rays

of returning piety, that it was become customary for the peasant in the collection of his little harvest, to put aside such a portion for the curate as was in great measure equivalent to the tithes of former times: the best meat was ten sols, and bread five sols a pound, and a day-labourer received, besides his maintenance, twenty-five sols a day, which is about an English shilling.

In the course of the third day of our detention, we had some intercourse with the guardship, and prevailed with the captain to remit one day of our quarantine, and you may conceive the alacrity, with which we made sail for Bourdeaux, on the morning of the third of September. The river soon became more narrow and we commanded an extensive view on both sides; on the right the land was still low, but thickly inhabited and abounding in vineyards, which produce the famous Medock wine, on the left there was an endless variety of all that bespeaks a flourishing population, and a well-understood agriculture; farmhouses, villages and churches were in clusters, and the fields were either still yellow from the harvest of grain, or green with vineyards; a ruined monastery, a dismantled castle, and the naked walls of a church, would present themselves, at times, as traces of the revolution, but they very rapidly passed away as if the whole scene before us, had been the effect of a magick lantern Now and then would appear some very ancient fortress, which seemed to meet the description of Mrs. Radcliffe, that of Blaye in particular attracted our attention; and you may judge how near our vessel came to it, if you will but take the trouble of looking at that part of the map of France, which represents the course of the Gironde: proceeding rapidly along, we came next abreast of the cliff where a species of soft stone is procured for the buildings of Bourdeaux, and were all of us made sensible of a very great degree of optical illusion: the idea we entertain of persons seen from the top of a steeple, or of houses as we approach the shore, or of vessels at a distance, is, in a great measure derived from our experience, correcting the operation of our senses; in this instance we were, from a long discontinuation of the exercise of it, unprovided with that self-operating experience, which might have corrected the appearance of objects: these seen through a very clear atmosphere and upon a back ground of dazzling whiteness, seemed as if within one hundred yards, though, in fact at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and consequently appeared most ludicrously small; men and women on horseback seemed like pigmies upon mice, and the large vessels, waiting there for stone, looked as they could have been drawn by a thread, like the fleet of Blefescu.

The river now became narrower, under the name of the Garonne, and it was very evident, by the number of well-built houses, that we were approaching fast to some large commercial town, and shortly after, on turning a point, there appeared a noble city upon the banks of the river, in the form of a half moon, diversified by the appearance of towers, steeples, and elevated buildings, with a double row of dismantled ships (sure evidence of the effects of war) in front, and a high commanding country of vineyards in the back ground. We had no sooner come to anchor, than the captain went on shore, to bespeak lodgings, and we had leisure for an hour or two to look about us; boats were rowing, in every direction, and several came aboard of us, with fruit, and with all that noisy importunity of service, so new to an American; at length, about half past eight, our captain hailed us from the shore, we landed, found a carriage and were

Note. I observed at the same time in several places along the shore, a very simple mode of taking fish by planting stakes in the water, over which they are carried by the tide, and within which they are left, as it recedes.

conducted along a populous and busy part of the city into a large and noble street, where the coachman stopped at the door of a hotel, and we were welcomed into an elegant apartment by a well-dressed, well-looking landlady, who having solicited our orders and directions, with an apparent enthusiasm of obligingness, made her courtesy and retired with an air hardly to be met with on your side of the Atlantick.

While a part of the family were taking a look at our accommodations, for the night, I walked out with F—— into the street, which I found lined on one side with large trees, and crowded with people, and could not in the recesses of my mind but acknowledge the goodness of that Providence which had so far enabled me to put in execution a design that I had so long formed. We soon returned to supper, which whatever it might have appeared to persons differently situated, was to us all splendour, luxury, and plenty, and then retired for the night, impatient for the ensuing day, that we might look about us, and survey the new scene into which we had so suddenly been transferred.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

A TREATISE ON ORIENTAL POETRY.

(*Concluded from page* 108.)

SECTION VII.

Of their Panegyricks.

It will again be Ferdusi who shall furnish here, the example of this kind of poetry. Although he is neither the first nor the last poet who has employed his talents to praise and dishonour the same person, perhaps we shall find enough, curious to see after such a satire, a panegyrick of the same authour on the same Mahmud, King of Persia.

"Under his reign, justice is so universal that the lamb and the wolf drink at the same brook.

From Cachemir even to the sea of China, all the nations confess his glory.

As soon as the infant has moistened his lips with the milk of his mother, he raises his head and pronounces the name of Mahmud.

At the banquet, Mahmud is a heaven of liberality, and a lion or a tiger in the day of battle.

When he walks in the garden of roses, wherever he treads lilies are produced beneath his feet.

His splendour makes the world resemble a grove in the spring; he sweetens the air, he embellishes the earth.

The dew of his generosity, in falling upon the earth, covers it every where with its extension, like the flowery bowers of Irem.

We see by this essay in what servile manner the Asiaticks praise and almost deify their monarchs. It is useless to extend, any farther, a subject of which we find examples enough in all the Oriental books.

In general, their works commence with the praises of the divinity, afterwards come those of their prophet, and then of their patrons, as we may see in the Bustan of Sadi, of which the first part is translated by Chardin.

The poems of Abulola are the finest and most animated of this kind in the Arabian language. They resemble the odes of Pindar, and the genius of the Arabian, appears the same as that of the Grecian poet. The first ode of Abulola, begins by some reflections upon the deceiving appearances of exterior objects; afterwards the poet relates his travels, and by a natural degression, brings it to the praise of Prince Said, (a word signifying happy).

"The young maidens ask us what we seek; we answer them, Said, and the name of this prince was a happy presage.

This hero follows his enemies upon his light courser, and he forms thick forests with his long lances.

His bows drawn by the archers, hasten to fix their arrows in the hearts of his enemies, and his sabres spring out of their scabbards against the necks of his adversaries.

His coursers cast themselves into the combat, and nothing can equal their swiftness.

After about twenty very fine verses Abulola passes to the recital of his adventures and his amours, he proceeds in censuring the tribe of Bediu, and opposes to its baseness the liberality and greatness of his own prince.

But in the tribe of Adi, is a prince, who does not wait favours to be demanded of him, he confers them without their being required.

The Pleiades fear his lance, and the Sun after having begun his course, would return to the east, that he may not expose himself to pass over his head.

His courser accomplishes the task, which is prescribed to him with an incomparable swiftness, and whilst he is forced across the field of battle, the blood he tramples upon, renders the hough of his foot like a red cornelian.

This horse has a higher origin than the courser Alwagih, he descends from a noble race.

Each lock of the hair of our young beauties, languishes to be the chain of his feet, and the sparkling gold desires to ornament his houghs.

Oh, Said! when nature has need of refreshing showers, it is not from the clouds, but from thy hands, whence she expects the precious drops.

When the Zephyrs blow from the west, say to them, "go," and they will fly to the north.

I swear by Heaven, if thou wert enraged against the mountain Tabir, it would change its place.

If thy cimetar were amorous of the necks of thy enemies, it would soon enjoy the object of its desires.

When thy sabre is reclothed with its shining scabbard, it seems that it is covered with the stars of the night and that the moon serves it as a sandal.

Upon its blade we see two opposite elements; water, when the rays of day play upon it, and fire, when it sparkles with fury.

Its two edges are too eloquent tongues which pronounce the unpremeditative harangue of death.

When the prince draws this sabre it shines like a celestial vapour in the desert, and bloody death trickles down its blade.

This sabre sounds every cuirass, and dissolves the other cimetars of whatsoever temper they may be.

It takes each coat of mail for a lake, and languishes to quench its thirst, with the rings interlaced with the armour."

It will perhaps be a subject of curious speculation for some one when he understands, that this bold and sublime poet was blind from his infancy.

It would have been easy to give many other examples of the different kinds of Oriental poetry of which we have treated: but we shall have sufficiently accomplished the design which we had in view, if by what has been said of it, the reader is excited to the study of the Oriental languages, a study easier, more instructive, and more amusing than common prejudice can imagine.

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

The biography of De Foe will call up in almost every mind the agreeable images, presented to childhood and youth, by that most useful of all romances, Robinson Crusoe. *Restless* Daniel, as he is happily named by Pope, possessed original genius, in a very eminent degree, but he degraded his fine talents, by whig virulence, and a vulgar diction. His True Born Englishman is a poem not without vigorous lines, and acrimonious satire, but the sentiments are not at all to our taste. His Essay on Projects is described as one of the most curious, if not the most valuable of his performances, but we have never been able to obtain a copy. D'Israeli mentions it in some of his charming volumes, and Dr. Franklin informs us in his life, that he had perused it with advantage. De Foe was an unbeliever, and it is a remarkable circumstance that most of his party, who profess an extraordinary zeal for civil and religious liberty, are as hostile to the genius of Christianity, as they are to regular government and the *stability of the times.*

De Foe, a man of talents, but of indifferent character, was the darling of the whig mob, and the contempt of men of genius, because he disgraced himself by every low artifice as a writer. He wrote poetry, and on politicks; and was a plagiary. But he could, and sometimes did write well: witness his "Robinson Crusoe," a book which has passed

through more editions than perhaps any other of the same description ever did, or will again. I have never known but one person of sense who disliked it—Rousseau, and after him all France applauded it. When Sir Thomas Robinson was in that kingdom, he was even asked, whether he was "Robinson Crusoe." De Foe was born in London, and educated at Newington Green, and was bred a hosier; but he left his trade for the uncertain and dangerous profession of a virulent party writer, which became at length his leading occupation. His "History of the Plague;" of "Colonel Jack;" "New Voyages round the World, by a Company of Merchants;" "History of Moll Flanders;" "of Roxana;" "Memoirs of a Cavalier;" "Religious Courtship;" and even the "Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," seem only episodes in the drama of his political life. His "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," a most scandalous publication, reflecting upon the national government, civil and religious, being decreed infamous by the House of Commons, he was prosecuted for it, found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine, to imprisonment, and the pillory; and the guilty pamphlet to be burnt by the common hangman. Unabashed, he wrote "A Hymn to the Pillory." To give a catalogue of all his writings would be to transcribe a long list, which, with a very copious account of himself, may be seen under his article, in the new edition of the "Biographia Britannica." De Foe seems well to have understood the spirit and genius of commerce; but in politicks, he was a republican; in religion, an infidel; in character, without a sufficient regard to moral obligation. He has been accused of having acted with cruelty and injustice towards poor Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, in not only withholding from him a share of the profits of that celebrated performance, but for superadding insult to dishonesty, by resisting his claim with opprobrious language: but as this has not been proved, it ought not to be believed. Such was De Foe, a man, who, with a right turn of mind, might have gained the esteem of his contemporaries, and the approbation of posterity. Pope compares him to Prynne, a doggrel poet, and eternal political writer, of the 17th century; and the similarity is the more observable, as each had been displayed in a pillory, and each gloried in the disgrace. Pope says,

"She saw old Pryn, in restless Daniel shine;
"And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line.*

This extraordinary character died, April 26, 1731, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, leaving a widow and several children, of whom Norton is the only one whose name is at all known. One Joseph De Foe, indeed, who is said to have been a near descendent, was executed for a felony as late as 1771.

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

An Elegy written in a Country Church Yard—GRAY.

But most the musick of the plaintive moon,
With lengthened note, detains the list'ning ear,
As lost in thought thou wanderest all alone.
ANON.

14. We have already observed that the passage, including the verses, *E'en in our ashes, live their wonted fires, &c.* has received vari-

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* In the first edition the line stood thus:

"She saw in Norton all his father shine,"

"Daniel De Foe had parts; but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry."*

* "Norton from Daniel and Ostræa sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front and mother's tongue;
Hung silent down his never-blushing head:
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead."

ous interpretations; and we now lay before our readers the sentiments of Mr. Mason, Mr. Wakefield, and an anonymous critick.

Mr. Mason writes himself as follows:

"Awake and faithful to her wonted fires."

'Thus it stood in the first and some following editions, and I think rather better; for the authority of Petrarch does not destroy the appearance of quaintness in the other: the thought, however, is rather obscure in both readings. He means to say, in plain prose—"That we wish to be remembered by our friends after our death, in the same manner as, when alive, we wish to be remembered by them in our absence:" this would be expressed clearer, if the metaphorical term, *fires*, was rejected, and the line ran thus:

Awake and faithful to her first desires.

I do not put this alteration down for the idle vanity of aiming to amend the passage, but purely to explain it.'

Mr. Wakefield criticises this passage:

"E'en in our ashes———"

'Mr. Mason expresses himself dissatisfied with this line, and prefers the reading of the first editions:

"Awake and faithful to her wonted fires."

Now, in the first place—*wonted fires*—thus unconnected, is but a very clumsy phrase; and, in the next place, what sort of an idea is being *faithful* to a *fire?* It is inconsistency and nonsense. And the line which he proposes by way of explanation is but insipid, though there is no incongruity in the *metaphor*.'

"Awake and faithful to her first desires."

But, whence arises his discontent with the verse as it now stands? there is, it seems, "an appearance of *quaintness;*" from the *antithesis* I presume, of *ashes* and *fires*. Now, this censure betrays great want of taste and judgment; for the allusion is extremely beautiful, and unexceptionally just. It is founded upon a very familiar appearance;—of a *fire*, seemingly *extinct*, still latent and vigorous beneath the *ashes*—Horace says,

"———incedis per *ignes*
"Suppositos *cineri* doloso."

You tread on *fire* beneath the *ashes* hid.

VIRGIL:

"———*cinerem* et sopitos suscitat *ignes*."

Awake the ashes and the sleeping fires.

But, says our ingenious editor, (who will excuse this freedom in behalf of his friend)—"He means to say, in plain prose, that we wish to be remembered by our friends after our death, in the same manner as when alive, we wish to be remembered by them in our absence."

'I suppose it were hardly possible to give a more meagre and inadequate account of the poet's meaning in this divine passage. Let the context speak his explanation for him.'

"Perhaps," says he, "the pride of greatness and the conceit of philosophy may fancy these humble swains to have been strangers to the common feelings and passions of humanity. No: even they wish some memorial of their existence, however rude, to be erected over them: still anxious to interest themselves, as far as possible, in those scenes and pleasures with which they have once been so fondly conversant. For, who ever resigned his existence without regret? who ever left his friends and kindred without a wish to continue longer with them? These anxious attachments stick to us to the last:

"These travel through, nor quit us when we die."

The *voice of nature* still *cries* from the *tomb*, in the language of the epitaph inscribed on it, which still endeavours to connect us with the living:—the *fires* of former affections and enjoyments are still *alive*, beneath our *ashes*. 'The reader, I hope, will look with indulgence upon this weak attempt to explain in flat prose one of the happiest and boldest flights that poetry has ever taken!"

An anonymous writer has attempted to illustrate the poet's meaning in the following words.

'After observing the desire which appears in the humblest stations to indulge the melancholy pleasures of *erecting some frail memorial, with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculptures decked, imploring the passing tribute of a sigh* for departed friends, in the belief that the anticipation of this pious act is consolatory to the deceased themselves in their last moments, bursts into this beautiful interrogatory: "Who is there, what indifferent wretch ever existed, who, a prey to dull forgetfulness, left this pleasing anxious being, without casting a longing lingering look behind him?" "For," he adds, "on some fond breast the parting soul relies;" that is, some kind consoling friend is ever looked up to on those occasions, in whose soothing attentions, from whose pious tears, the closing eye derives comfort, and the pangs of dissolution are assuaged; the companion, the sharer of the sunshine of life, who now, in the last gloomy hour of its evening, promises to pay that last sad and simple tribute, which is to supply the place of fame and elegy. For, though sinking into the tomb, arrived at its very border, still is the voice of Nature heard, still are we alive to the feelings and sensibilities of humanity; in our very ashes still glow our former passions and affections.'

We believe that, in many minds, the charm of this sentiment consists in its congeniality with a favourite opinion of mankind, that, after death, we retain our *wonted* habits and feelings, and all our *human* attachments. Thus, Pope:

> "Go, like the Indian, in another life,
> Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife.

And thus, Virgil:

> ———quæ gratia currûm
> Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
> Passere equos, eadem sequitur telluere repostos.
>
> Those pleasing cares the heroes felt alive,
> For chariots, steeds, and arms, in death survive.

After quoting Mr. Mason and Mr. Wakefield, we shall now submit our own pharaphrase of the stanzas, in which our understanding of their means will, we hope, appear.

These, far from the great and tumultuous, maintained in life's sequestered valley the noiseless tenour of their way,—but yet (the poet *recurring* to *the scene and subject of their poem*) some perishable memorial, erected to keep sacred even the bones of these, is found upon their grave, imploring the passing tribute of a sigh; and upon which, in place of fame and elegy, we read their name and years, and many a holy text, teaching righteousness and resignation, or inspiring hope. Nor is it unaccountable that the graves, even these, so governed as they were by *sober wishes*, should be distinguished by such memorials; for who, however modest in his desires, however indifferent to the grandeur of the world, ever left this world without indulging in thoughts concerning it, and directed to the future? Yes, the objects we leave behind us do engage our attention! And, among those objects is the memory of ourselves. We cannot consent to close the scene with a stupid disregard of the manner in which we depart, or of the thoughts that are to be entertained, or the words that are to be said, by those who are to survive us. We still wish, at that moment, as in all our life before, for love and respect: in a word, we are as anxious in behalf of our memory, when we shall be dead, as of our reputation, while living. In the moment of dissolution, we still desire the return of love from those who are dear to us; we still covet their kind offices: coolness and neglect can afflict us, even at that moment, when they might seem to be of no importance. In the same manner, we extend our views beyond death itself, and indulge in solicitudes concerning our memory; a sense in which it is but a simple metaphor to say, that *the voice of Nature* (that is, the im-

pulse of our nature) *cries from the tomb*, and that we *live in our ashes.*

Our hearts are fastened to this world,
By strong and *endless* ties.

YOUNG.

In the above paraphrase it will have appeared, that the two latter stanzas of the four, contain only an exposition of the principle on which *even these* have a *memorial*, however *frail; rhymes*, however *uncouth*, and *sculpture* however *shapeless;* why *even these* have a *memorial*, that implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

If, with the poet, we are disposed to pursue the inquiry, and account for our anxiety concerning our memory, and the love of those who love us, and whom we love while living, we ought, it would seem, to conclude, first, that our memory is an imaginary existence; that our life of tomorrow is no more; that the one therefore is substantial as the other, and as natural an object of solicitude: that death, though it secure our existence from want, and other vicissitudes, yet leaves it exposed to many of the accidents of life; as loss of esteem, &c. So that, in this view, a man never dies; his natural life ceases; but his moral life continues. He never receives his *quietus* in his great account with the world. Secondly, it is to be observed, that nothing but the prospect of perpetuity, in the love and respect we enjoy can give any value to these blessings. If they are sweet for an hour, it is only in the belief that they are eternal in their nature. If we thought those who love us could cease to love us, what should we think? Our anxiety, we may call it our jealousy, on this head, is therefore very reasonable.

IV. It has been objected to this elegy, that, as a composition, it is without a plan; a criticism which is replied to by Mr. Scott, of Amwell, in his Critical Essays, and with whose words we shall conclude this article.

'The poet very graphically describes the process of a calm evening, in which he introduces himself wandering near a Country Church-Yard. From the sight of the place, he takes occasion, by a few natural and simple, but important circumstances, to characterize the life of a peasant; and observes, that it need not be disdained by ambition or grandeur, whose most distinguished superiorities must all terminate in the grave. He then proceeds to intimate, that it was not from any natural inequality of abilities, but from want of acquired advantages, as riches, knowledge, &c. that the humble race, whose place of interment he was surveying, did not rank with the most celebrated of their contemporaries. The same impediments, however, which obstructed their course to greatness, he thinks also precluded their progress in vice; and consequently, that what was lost in one respect was gained in the other. From this reflection, he naturally proceeds to remark on that universality of regard to the deceased, which produces even for these humble villagers, a commemoration of their past existence. Then turning his attention to himself, he indulges the idea of his being commemorated in the same manner, and introduces an epitaph which he supposes to be employed on the occasion.'

For The Port Folio.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

A short account and character of the principal classick authours.

Continued from page 106.

Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, Plato, Xenophon, &c.

Herodotus was a native of Halicarnassus, a Greek city in Asia, opposite the Isle of Rhodes. He was a great traveller, and went through many parts of Asia, Africa and Europe, and employed himself in collecting all the ancient traditions and reports concerning the transactions of past times, which he published in nine books, inscribed with the names of the nine muses, Cicero calls him the father of history, as he is the most ancient Pagan historian that we ever heard of. As no history had ever been

written in Greece, he recited his performance at the Olympick games, and received the highest applauses from his countrymen, who might justly say that his was the best history they had ever heard. Their listening to so voluminous a work, is a proof of their great patience as well as of their curiosity, and has no resemblance to modern times. It was the applauses given to Herodotus on this occasion, that engaged Thucydides, who was then present, to think of writing history. The work of Herodotus comprehends a period of 240 years, but he had little regard to the order of time, on account of the many changes of the scene of his narrative. His credit has been much questioned, and no wonder, as he seems to have set down every thing that was told him in all the countries through which he passed. No country is without its fables, and we need not be surprised at finding many in Herodotus, who took so much pains to collect them. Lucian is thought to have wrote that extravagant performance which he calls his True history, as a satire on Herodotus. He seems likewise to have had him in view in his treatise concerning the Syrian goddess, and his affecting the Ionick dialect in that work, renders this conjecture still more probable. Some have pled in excuse for Herodotus, that an historian ought candidly to relate whatever he finds recorded or reported, without interposing his own judgment. Robert Stephens of Paris, the celebrated Printer, has written a laborious apology for Herodotus, with a supplement oontaining the most incredible stories of later times. Herodotus is not suspected when he relates what he had seen himself, but when he relates what was told him by others, we must not blame him, but his informers, if we receive false and fabulous accounts. The style of Herodotus is easy and agreeable, though somewhat diffuse, and the Ionick Dialect, in which he writes, renders it much more liquid and mellifluous. Little as we can depend on many things in Herodotus's history, it is the best account we have of the ancient transactions of Egypt, Asia, and Greece.

Thucydides begins his history where that of Herodotus concludes. As the triumph of Miltiades would not suffer Themistocles to sleep, so the applauses bestowed on Herodotus excited the ambition of Thucydides to emulate him in historical writing. He relates the most remarkable events of the Peloponnesian war, during the space of forty years. He was present himself at many of the transactions he relates, and endeavoured to get the best possible information of others. As ambition of praise had been the motive of his writing, he was diligent to attain it. He is said to have formed his style from that of Pericles, which if true would not perhaps give us so high an opinion of that great man's eloquence, as his cotemporaries certainly had. The style of Thucydides is harsh, and his periods long and complicated, yet in most places perspicuous. He freely inserts speeches in his history, which if not genuine, are at least suitable to the character of the speakers. The funeral sermon of Pericles, on those that had fallen in the war, if it is genuine, is the only remaining monument of that admired oratour. The known diligence of Thucydides is a pledge of his veracity. His account of the Plague of Athens, has been much admired. Lucretius has given us a beautiful translation of it in the end of his work, and Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, has render it into English verse.

Titus Livius was born at Padua, in the reign of Augustus. He wrote a Roman history in 140 books, the far greatest part of which are now lost. There had been many historians, at least annalists, before his time, whom he had carefully perused, and frequently quotes. His diligence, ability, judgment, and eloquence, have given him a lasting and honourable name. By the loss of Sallust, he has become the only respectable historian of the early periods of the Roman commonwealth. Florus and Velleius Paterculus are to be considered as mere abridgers. Livy uniformly supports the dignity of an historian, and his style is justly reckoned a perfect model of that species of composition. Buchanan has imitated him with great success in his history of Scotland. Livy, as well as Herodotus, has been accused of relating many prodigies and incredible stories. Mr. Toland has made but a poor defence of him in his Adeifidæmon. The general superstition of the Romans, and the influence that it had on the most important transactions, rendered it necessary to relate many things concerning it, and it was needless for the authour to be constantly interposing his own opinion, or telling us at every turn how little he believed of the tradition of his countrymen. No doubt he had the same testimony for some of those facts which are reputed fabulous, as for the rest of his history, many of them being ingrossed in the publick records of the State. It does not seem possible to determine what was meant by that Pativinity, which Asinius Pollio, the friend of Virgil pretended to have discovered in Livy's History. Some have supposed it to be a certain peculiarity in his style, but that is not now discernible. Others more probably imagined that it meant an attachment to the party of Pompey in his contest with Cæsar, for which the Paduans were remarkable. Perhaps it might have become fashionable in the court

of Augustus, to speak unfavourably of those who espoused the cause of the ancient Republick.

Plato was a native of Athens, and a favourite disciple of Socrates. His eloquence was so much admired by his cotemporaries, that they thought that if the muses were to speak Greek, they would use the language of Plato. Though his fame is so great, he has in fact devoted the most of his works to the honour of his master; Socrates being the principal and decisive speaker in most of his dialogues. Perhaps he wrote in that form to qualify the taste of Socrates, who affected to despise the pomp and formality of teaching, and endeavoured to make his hearers discover the truth in every question, by themselves, by putting certain questions to them in an artful manner. Plato's apology of Socrates is a proof not only of his eloquence, but of his courage and friendship for his master, in whose favour it is hard to say what he might have done if he had not been refrained by his authority. The titles of Plato's Dialogues have no connexion with the subject, and express barely the name of one of the speakers, or of a friend to which it was first dedicated. When some of them were read to Socrates, he seemed surprised at many things he found attributed to himself, and said, "How many lies does the young man tell of me ?" Plato travelled into Egypt and resided for some time in the court of Dionysius, the elder, tyrant of Sicily. His most famous work is a Draught of a perfect republican government : He could not obtain permission from Dionysius to endeavour to realise it in any part of his dominions, though he would have been content with a small island, to make the experiment. Tyrants do not love to see Liberty, even in miniature.

Xenophon likewise was an Athenian, a cotemporary and fellow scholar of Plato, under the celebrated Socrates. An early difference arose we know not how, between these great men, which seems to have continued through their whole life. Plato mentions Xenophon only once in all his works, and Xenophon never mentions Plato at all. They were opposite in their political principles, Xenophon being an admirer of monarchical government and Plato zealous for a republick. Perhaps their different opinions, like those of the greatest part of mankind, arose from the different circumstances in which they were placed. Plato had seen enough of tyranny in Sicily and Egypt, to make him detest monarchy, and having been sold for a slave by Dionysius, he probably retained a resentment at that authority that had been the cause of his misfortune. Xenophon on the contrary was invited to Sardis by his friend Proxenus, who introduced him to the younger Cyrus, whose favour he soon gained, and accompanied him into Persia in his expedition against his brother Artaxerxes. Cyrus having lost his life in that expedition, and Xenophon having conducted that famous retreat of the ten thousand Greeks out of Persia, perhaps his being so long at the head of an army, might prejudice him in favour of monarchical government. He is said to have wrote his Cyropædia to introduce himself into the favour of Cyrus, the younger. He designed this work as the plan of a perfect arbitrary government, in opposition to Plato's republick. It may be said to be in a great measure a romance, the authour having adopted and perhaps feigned a number of fabulous circumstances and incidents to promote his main design, which was to give such an account of the elder Cyrus, as might be a proper model for the imitation of the younger. Perhaps it was to please the younger Cyrus that he did not relate the misfortunes and tragical death of the first Cyrus, as we find them in Justin, but represents him as dying in his bed in the greatest tranquillity, and giving a serious exhortation to his children. Though Xenophon's life was a very active one, his writings are pretty voluminous. Besides his Cyropædia, he wrote the Memoirs of Socrates, a Greek history in eight books, an Essay on Horsemanship, a discourse on monarchical government addressed to Hiero, an encomium on Agesilaus King of Sparta, the Anabasis or history of his famous retreat from Persia, and a discourse on hunting. Xenophon was called the Attick bee from the purity of his language and the sweetness of his style. His abilities in the military line were very great, yet do not seem to have given him the least vanity. He realized a pretty fortune in his military expeditions, but soon lost it by the violence of his enemies. He appears to have been a person of great virtue and uprightness, and had a reverent respect to the religion of his times. His measures, though always wise, were generally directed by dreams and omens and he was punctual in prayer and sacrificing. His troops always sung the Pæan, or Hymn to Apollo, in advancing to battle, and were almost always victorious.

Cornelius Tacitus wrote in the reign of Nerva. He was Governour of Gaul under Vespasian, and promoted to the consulship under Nerva. He wrote annals of the Roman affairs from the death of Augustus to that of Nero, and a history from Nero to Nerva, great part of both are long since lost, what remains has been long and justly admired. The style of Tacitus is sententious, rapid, and approaching to obscurity, his ob-

servations are just, natural and often satirical. He not only understood human nature, but was a great master in discovering the deep and artful disguises of professed politicians, for which his acquaintance with artificial and court manners had qualified him not a little. He seems to have been a skeptick in religion, but his morals were irreproachable. He figured as an oratour as well as historian, and was the intimate friend of the younger Pliny, his temper seems to have been harsh and severe, occasioned perhaps by the tyranny he had suffered, and the fear in which he had lived. The characters he draws are mostly black and bloody, but his times did not afford many others. One of the Roman Emperours many ages after him, was proud of being descended from him, and took care to have his works preserved, a care which proved unsuccessful, by the negligence of succeeding ages. His life of his father-in-law Agricola, is considered a perfect pattern of biography, and does honour to the capacity and heart of the authour. His account of the manners of the ancient Germans is a masterly one, and is justly considered as describing the natural manners of almost all nations in the first stages of civilization.

Trogus Pompeius, wrote a sort of universal history in the reign of Augustus, of which Justin, under the lower empire wrote an abridgment, which is all we have now left to comfort us for the loss of the original work, it being now lost. Justin's Latin appears to be of the declining age. He resembles Herodotus more than Thucydides, and records a number of improbable tales. His account of the Jews would argue great negligence, but it is surprising that that of Tacitus is no better. The Romans knew not much of the Greek history, and still less of that of Egypt and the East, and the curiosity of the Greeks themselves does not seem to have been much directed that way till after the time of Alexander, which made the improbable tales of Herodotus and Clesias to be still received by many. It is not known from what authorities Trogus Pompeius collected those materials that have been preserved by Justin. The Romans knew little of Asia except their own conquests. The style of Justin is perspicuous and natural, but has very few ornaments. His narrative is often romantick, and sometimes licentious, and some things he relates are not to be found in any other authour.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

Sometime we believe, in the year 1766, an enterprizing individual by the name of Owen, opened, what he denominated a Mineral Water Warehouse, which he attempted to make a fashionable *lounge*, by assuring the Nobility, Gentry, and the whole tribe of valetudinarians, that he would, by a chymical process, rival the waters of the most famous Springs on the continent, as well as in Great Britain. Whether from the rage of repairing to Pyrmont and Spa, and Bath and Buxton, or whether from some defect in his processes, we believe this project of Owen, though plausible, was never fully realized. About the year 1792, a Swiss adventurer, and a very ingenious chymist, by the name of Schweppe, manufactured these waters, by a process so scientifick and successful, that the artificial water, in many respects was demonstrated to be superiour to that from the fountain-head. Since that period, what is demonstrated Seltzer and Soda waters have become not only as common remedies in many alarming disorders, but as grateful morning beverage to those who are curious in their choice of fluids, or who, as it is incomparably better expressed by SHAKSPEARE, are *exquisite in their drinking*.

We remark with very great pleasure, that an establishment of this useful nature, has lately been made in this city. Soda, Seltzer, Pyrmont and Ballstown waters, are furnished at the manufactory at a reasonable rate, and appear to possess many valuable properties. Some of the most learned of our Physicians and Chymists, together with many private gentlemen, have borne open testimony to the efficacy and agreeableness of these waters, and we have not a doubt, that as soon as their peculiar properties become more generally known, that they will be often quaffed by the luxurious, the studious, the sedentary, and the hypochondriacal.

As information on this subject is much wanted and as it is a vulgar errour to suppose that these waters are merely a nauseous medicine, we have from a very new and valuable work

by Sir JOHN SINCLAIR, entitled "The Code of Longevity," extracted the subsequent account of Mr. Schweppe's process. The testimony of the above ingenious physician who describes it is above all challenge, and Dr. Beddoes, whose profoundness as a Chymist, will hardly be denied, has declared that such are the invigorating effects of what he terms *Mineral Acid*, that it may be often very advantageously substituted for fermented or vinous liquors.

From unquestionable authority, we are assured that these waters are in London not only copiously supplied from the laboratory of the Chymist, but also from the bar of the tavern. The invalid, tormented by dyspepsia, or any of its distressing symptoms, is sure to find relief in this salutary beverage and the *bon vivant*, whose oppressed stomach is acid by libations of port over night, is effectually cured by a glass of Soda in the morning. At the most luxurious tables, Seltzer and Madeira are often mingled, and this union of Bacchus with the Naiads, is not less propitious to pleasure than to health. The celebrated Sir James Mackintosh, who was once as famous for his convivial, as he always is for his literary powers, tired or afraid of the *bewitching smiles of Burgundy*, has wholly relinquished the use of wine, and finds no abatement in his social or his studious powers while he drinks a purer stream from the bowl of Chymistry.

In the years 1795, that respectable Physician, Dr. Pearson, of Leicester square, London, drew up, at the desire of the authour, the following hints respecting water impregnated with fixed air, or the carbonick acid as manufactured by J. Schweppe, late of Geneva.

Three years ago, a person of the name of J. Schweppe, late of Geneva, called upon Dr. Pearson with a letter of introduction, to propose making those artificial mineral waters, which contain a larger proportion of carbonick acid, or fixed air.

On examining the waters prepared by this artist, the Doctor found that they contained a much larger proportion of carbonick acid than he had ever seen before. Mr. S. manufactures these preparations at an enpense, which most persons will think reasonable, and in any quantity that may be required by the publick.

The advantages of water, so impregnated, are, That, at all times, in our country, may be prepared, a water, equal, or even superiour, in all respects, to Pyrmont, Spa, Paulon, and other springs, whose virtues depend solely on the quantity of carbonick acid air they contain.

2. A still greater advantage is, that by the means of water so highly impregnated, alkalies can be exhibited with much greater benefit than in any other way and in adequate quantities so as to be not only not disagreeable, but highly grateful both to the stomach and palate.

3. This preparation affords a most agreeable beverage either with, or without the alkaline salt, according to the palates.

4. Such a beverage must be highly useful in many diseases as it can now be prepared in a far superiour manner and at less expense than heretofore.

5. Such a beverage is highly salutary to the common way of living in this country, as when mixed with wine it is found, that a much smaller quantity of wine satisfies the stomach and palate, than wine does alone.

6. It is highly beneficial as a drink in the evening to take off the acid, apt to be produced in the stomach after wine and full meals, to dilute the fluids, when containing too much irritating matter, to carry off such stimulating matter and to strengthen the stomach. It is here supposed that the water contains alkali.

Upon the whole, when we consider the effects of water impregnated as it is by M. Schweppe, with carbonick acid, and with alkali, both as a medicine and an article of *salutary luxury*, it may be justly *reckoned the*

greatest improvement in diet of the present age.

To many persons, languishing under disease, the following information may be peculiarly acceptable though it cannot be expected that in every case the proposed remedies should answer.

Seltzer Water from its pleasant taste and medical virtues, has been long in very general use. It has been very much recommended by Physicians for its antiseptick powers, consequently for its utility in many of the Febrile and other diseases of large towns. It is a powerful antiscorbutick. In billious complaints it is particularly useful by correcting the acrimony of that fluid and assisting the tone of the stomach and bowels, by which pain and irritation are obviated or removed. In nervous affections it is useful, by invigorating the general system, exalting the spirits and removing weakness. To the ill effects, whether nervous or billious, which take place, as the debilitating consequence of hard living, it is peculiarly adapted. It is most refreshing and salutary after excess, in eating and drinking by allaying the feverish heat and thirst generally arising therefrom.

By gently stimulating the nerves of the stomach it increases digestion, prevents flatulencies, and promotes the secretions in general, particularly that of the kidneys.

With milk it is a very useful remedy in consumptions, making the milk sit easy on the stomach. In most of the stages of the catarrh, or common cold, either in the head or lungs it may be taken with great utility. With wine or syrup, it affords a most wholesome and agreeable beverage.

It is one of the safest as well as most cooling drinks for persons exhausted by much speaking, heated by dancing, or when quitting hot rooms, or crowded assemblies. It may be taken in the quantity of a common beer glass at a time.

For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

For the following original and elegant essay, we are indebted to the pen of a man of letters, with whom we were formerly in habits of the most friendly intercourse, and whose wit and genius

Have kept us up so oft *till one.*

We are delighted to hear from him again. He need not modestly doubt, for a moment, its worthiness of a place in The Port Folio. It would be gladly received and liberally commended by the Editor of any Journal, devoted to Polite Literature. We hope that this gentleman will correspond with us often, and we are the more anxious for his favours, because we know that he has Wit and Humour at command, qualities, for which, with a few illustrious exceptions, our writers are by no means signalized. Grave and sensible essays, acute disquisition and political argument, are not wanting, but the Americans, in general, appear to be of a character so saturnine and phlegmatick, that the laughing Powers are not worshipped in the pure spirit of classical devotion.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

At the advent of the present year, which in astronomical technicals, is called Bissextile, I feel disposed to offer to the fair, and to my own sex my ideas upon a plan, which, if put in execution, and conducted with modesty and spirit, would be attended with private benefit, and publick utility, and, from its novelty, no small share of entertainment. Though this quaternion epoch has conferred, time immemorial, acknowledged rights upon the sex, and, though they might, by general assent, exercise them without a very wide obliquity from the sine of decorum, I have never yet read or heard of their assumption of that power with which every fourth or leap year invests them. Whether it be from the innate delicacy of the sex, and the fear of attracting, for the succeeding ternary of years, the ridicule of some of ours, provided their addresses should not have a successful issue, it is almost certain that history has no record of the consummation of a match, fearlessly commenced, in the face of the

world, by a lady. I do not mean, however, to convey an idea of my disbelief of certain proposals which may have been made by young and lovesick girls, who might fancy they were otherwise letting "concealment" pale "their damask cheek;" or of those made by maidens of maturer years, who, with one last, determined, desperate attempt, inspired by the long, cheerless *vista* of cold and comfortless celibacy, have made a kind of random attack without judgment or affection.

As I advance in the delineation of my plan, which, if not adopted by the fair, I trust, will be received by them with their usual benignity and candour, I feel not insensible of my inability to give it in that perfect form in which the projector ought to present it, if he may rationally hope for success.

At the commencment of the *ladies' year*, I would have all the *young* gentlemen, from the age of 25 to 40 years, and over (the term upwards to be left with the fair, *ad lib.*) not only to permit and graciously encourage any propositions of a tender kind from a female, but to consider the same as a sincere tribute to the charms of their persons, or the endowments of their minds. They should receive a compliment in company from an inamorata with a smile; and read a rebus or acrostick upon themselves with all possible self-complacency, and, when in their study, should secretly take their scissors, and cut and preserve the precious scrap at the bottom of a thread case, where it might easily be found, and as frequently read. Throughout this eventful year they should be constantly found and continue at home, after 8 o'clock in the evening, to receive the attentions of such of the fair as might think their merits worthy of notice. In brief, they should in all cases demean themselves as modest women would under similar circumstances.

For my fair *young* countrywomen, being by *confession* from 20 to 40 years of age, and over, giving to the gentlemen, in this respect, as I have to the ladies, their choice of *older* partners, I would also prescribe certain rules. Their age, as I observe, might be by *confession*, and I see no impropriety, nor apprehend any abuse of so eminent a privilege. If the asseveration of a blooming girl shall not be acknowledged of equal validity with the assertion of a fusty bachelor, in what an ungallant age do we live! To suppose, the right not to be ceded to them, the gorgeous trappings of Rosinante might as well be converted into a dirty harness for Dapple, and the splendid habiliments and elegant demeanour of Quixote into the frouzy habit and clumsy port of the squire. I trust that none of my male readers will uncourteously object to so reasonable a grant as this, and which, if refused them, might have a manifest tendency to diminish the number of the gentlemen's admirers. Besides, who can have a better knowledge of their own age than themselves? They have it recorded by their parents, and shall not the oral exposition of such record be of equal authority with the registry of the parish clerk? To conduce to the interest of truth, however, I would have some little forfeiture, should there be discovered a deviation from it. Should a *young* lady of 40, in despite of the unflattered feature she discovers in her glass, of the crow claws which are visible in the corners of her eyes, the dimmed lustre of those two orbs from which once emanated warmth as well as light; notwithstanding the ashy paleness of her complexion, the vesicular cavities of her cheeks, and here and there a whitened hair rearing itself like a full blown lily on the dark surface of a smooth pond; should she, after so much counter testimony, and confronted also by the records of the clerk, declare she is only 20, she shall forfeit her privilege of paying attention to any male till the ensuing leap year. As it may appear neglectful of young ladies under 20 to be denied Bissextile favours, confronted, I would observe that till that age they need not be alarmed with any apprehension of a continuance of celibacy. Their personal charms are then in bloom, and add a grace and dignity to a cultivated understanding, and render more conspicuous the beauty and loveliness of a pure and ingenuous mind. There can therefore be little propriety in their *pursuit* of game, when they can command it to *follow*. With respect to the gentlemen, they shall be exempted from the tender and amorous importunities of the sex, till they shall have attained the age of twenty-five; for it may be presumed that various and weighty reasons might be alleged for their omission to form an earlier connexion. The disapprobation of a mercenary parent, failure in business, the faithless conduct of some fair one who had capriciously transferred her affections to some favoured rival, combine to fix the beginning of the bachelor's term as late as his twenty-fifth year.

After having proceeded thus far, and pondered upon the eligibility of my plan, which I flattered myself might be accomplished in my own time, being a bachelor of only about three and thirty, yet actuated by a kind of innate, characteristick diffidence, I threw down my pen, despairing that so great a revolution in the present state of civilized society, so fundamental a reverse of the customary forms and modes of social intercourse as the adoption of this untried experiment would occasion, could ever be produced by the feeble exertion,

of a single individual, however ardent he might be in its promotion, or eloquent in its praise. In this state of mental lassitude, and viewing the difficulties of its introduction through the false medium of telescopick vision, at the close of a paroxysm of chagrin and mortification, I fell asleep over my paper, and when I awoke the following dream was fresh in my memory:

I thought I was in a splendid hall, more spacious and elegant than any in which I had ever been. It was evening, and the room was illuminated by several large chandeliers, which from the multangular surfaces of their moving and glass ornaments, "poured the day" into every part of the hall. A large number of semi-circular benches, lessening in just proportion as they approached the centre, and gradually rising as they retreated "from that centre" to the extreme seat which formed the periphery of the half circle, were vested with the most costly cloths, and bordered with the richest trimmings; the whole vying with the most sumptuous style of Eastern magnificence.

These seats were filled with unmarried females of various ages from 20 years upwards. The young, the old, the gay, the demure, the beautiful and the homely, had taken their situations promiscuously. To the gratification of my vanity, I was placed by the unanimous voices of my fair auditors in an elevated station opposite the centre, under a rich and elegant canopy of crimson velvet, whence I announced my project, descanted on the advantages which would attend its execution, both as respected, in a national point of view, the increase of the species, and also in a domestick light, the promotion of individual felicity. Their whole attention and occcasional observations were directed to me. After a debate somewhat desultory and unimportant, my proposals were accepted by them. It must be understood by my readers that this meeting was so numerous as to give instantly by its edicts the tone to fashion universally, without attaching the stigma of ridicule, or affected singularity to a desuetude from however long an established custom.

In the course of this debate, one lady, whose *charms* were *concealed* under a long white veil, and whose age could not, of course be ascertained but by conjecture, observed, that she hoped there would never be an appeal from the declaration of any one, on the subject of age, to the registry of a parish clerk. She thought it quite improbable that such an event would ever take place; but she still thought there might be some *different penalty*, substituted which would meet the approbation of her sex. It was soon discovered, however, by the whispers and shy looks of some younger and mischievous hussies seated near her, that the lady might have actually claimed a seat in the hall, had she been—twenty years younger. A few significant tosses of the head, and graceful yet sudden agitations of her veil, indicating, too plainly for concealment, a consciousness of the subject of their provoking surmises, tended only to attract and confirm the suspicions of all.

One young lady, who was, by her years, barely admitted to membership, and beautiful as Hebe, spoke for near a quarter of an hour with much fervour, fluency, and feeling, on the propriety of altering from "20 to 40" to "from 18 to 40." Her object in this was for some time problematical, till the former lady, who had received much of her mortification from the voluble eloquence of this very maid, observed, with a contemptuous smile, "if smile that might be called which smile was none," that some people, who were *barely* twenty, were displeased if they could not palm themselves off for *even* eighteen; for her own part she should not wish to have the number specified by the *illustrious projector*, altered; as with respect to herself, she was ready to acknowledge, she should be just twenty-five on the *29th of February*, instant.

One or two rich elderly maidens, flounced and furbelowed in a fanciful and grotesque manner; and whose visages it would puzzle the most able physiognotrace to follow, remarked, that the age of 25 in males, they opined, might be reduced to 22. The drift of the remark was, however, soon appreciated by the discerning, that one or two young athletick and forward officers, stationed in the vicinity of these devotees of Priapus had attracted their notice, and that their impatience, as well as the uncertainty of life, was too great to induce them to wait till the arrival of another leap year.

A sort of eulogium, on this new contemplated order of things in which were not a few animated compliments on the projector of it, was pronounced by a young milliner, who, in the course of it, evinced her belief in astrological lore, by thanking her *Stars*, that she could now *set her cap* at the men without reproach. As she proceeded in the flippancy of her remarks, she was so elevated by the conception of a suitable character to match with herself as, more than once, to mention "*gownmen*" and once a "Saint in *crape*" and twice a "saint in *lawn*."

A young female rustick, whose blooming countenance bespoke the roseate glow of health, and whose blushes were the earnest of a mind, the native abode of modesty, arose and briefly expressed her good opinion of the plan; but was apprehensive, that in the uncourtly part of the country in which she was a resident so extraordinary an innovation upon established forms, might

meet with powerful opponents or few followers. The delicacy of the remark of this "lovely young Lavinia" was not duly appreciated by the fair auditory; and I plainly heard a hissing sound pervade the hall, and thought I could occasionally distinguish the mention of the number seventeen. In fact; it was the general opinion that the modest maid was neither more nor less than a country hoyden *under age.*

Assured however, at last, of a general suffrage in favour of my object, after having the opinions of those who chose to express them; with an address to my fair auditors, somewhat like "*Claudite jam rivos, puellæ,*" I dismissed the assembly. By a previous vote it had been settled to defer acting upon our resolves only till the next dawn. My vision was fortunately protracted till the ensuing morning, so that I had an opportunity of witnessing the management of some of my fair friends, whose impatience for the exercise of their rights was too great to be long resisted. At sunrise, the streets were crowded with females dressed in their best attire, passing and repassing, with the most anxious and inquisitive faces. The carriages of opulent maidens, advanced in life, were so numerous as to make some of the narrower avenues almost impassable. At an early hour, I understood a wealthy bachelor received a simultaneous attack from one lady of about 40, and another of 25, both in carriages. His house was elegantly furnished, and he was considered as one of the best speculations for a female in the whole country. They both started *for the plate* at the same instant; but oh! *miserabile dictu! sed talia fando, quid vetat?* before their arrival, by adverse circumstances, my batchelor had *distanced* them, and in company, and with the speed of a bailiff had reached the *goal* before them. My readers will please to conjecture the reflections of the respective ladies as they hied to their homes. In this state of somnolency I witnessed a number of such rival races, as furiously commenced, as ludicrously terminated, and was congratulating myself on the eventual completion of my plan, when I descried, limping from a corner of one of the semicircular benches a solitary female who had continued with me in the hall after all the company but herself had forsaken it. She was approaching "with lingering steps and slow" the desk in which I was drowsing. Her dress was that of a slattern ragged and almost squalid. Her form was diminutive like my own, her face "the image and superscription" of a baked and shrivelled green apple, and her whole exteriour and demeanour prepossessingly repulsive. With the electrick velocity with which charity impels the hand to the pocket, I instantly and instinctively was extending it with a guinea to the object whose feelings I would have saved by anticipating even the mention of her wants, when in humble guise, and voice that "whistled in the sound," she informed me that, in pursuance of my plan, she was about to reward me, the distinguished proposer of it, with an offer of her heart and hand; that her age was about thirty, that she was unincumbered as to relations, and of decent property; that every lady in the hall had been unpardonably blind to my exalted merits; and above all, that as it was the 14th of February, and as each had seen no other except ourselves on that morning, I was certainly her Valentine. The comparison of a thunderbolt to the instantaneous effect which this address occasioned me would give as imperfect an idea of my sensations, as the pace of a snail would of the fleetness of a deer. Suffice it to say, the violent perturbation into which my feelings were hurried completely awaked me, and from an elevation to which the immortal projection of such a scheme should have entitled its authour, I was left with no other solace than the realities of chagrin, mortification and disappointment.

A.

Connecticut River, Feb. 1808.

The Frenchman and Butcher.

A half-starv'd Frenchman, once, 'tis said,
Pass'd near a Butcher's door;
Where British beef—good white and red,
Hung round in plenteous store.

The Frenchman gaz'd with longing eyes
Then loud, "*bon, bon,*" he cried;
The Butcher turn'd with quick surprise,
Then spoke with wounded pride—

"Get out, you great outlandish cheat,
Nor talk such stuff as that;
You say "*bone, bone!*"—I say *meat, meat,*
And meat extremely fat."

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and Published, for the Editor, by SMITH & MAXWELL,

NO. 28, NORTH SECOND-STREET.